MR. MEESON'S WILL.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER V.

It was on Tuesday evening that a mighty vessel was steaming majestically out of the mouth of the Thames and shaping her imposing course straight at the ball of the setting sun. Most people will remember reading descriptions of the steamship Kangarco, and being astonished at the power of her engines, the beauty of her fittings, and the extraordinary speed—about eighteen knots—which she de veloped in her trials, with an unusually low expenditure of coal. For the benefit THE R. M. S. KANGAROO. veloped in her trials, with an unusually low expenditure of coal. For the benefit of those who have not, however, it may be stated that the Kangaroo, the Little Kangaroo, as she was ironically named among sailor men, was the very latest de-velopment of the science of modern ship building. Everything about her, from the electric light and boiler tubes up, was on a new and a patent system.

building. Everything about her, from the electric light and boiler tubes up, was on a new and a patent system.

Quicker and quicker she sped along and spurned the churning water from her swift sides. She was running under a full head of steam now, and the coast line of England grew faint and low in the faint, low light, till at last it vanished from the gaze of a tall, alim girl, who stood forward, clinging to the starboard bulwark netting and looking with deep gray eyes across the waste of waters. Presently Augusta, for it was she, could see the shore no more, and turned to watch the other passengers and think. She was sad at heart, poor girl, and felt what she was—a very waif upon the sea of life. Not that she had much to regret upon the vanished coast line. A little grave with a white cross over it—that was all. She had left no friends to weep for her, none. But even as she thought it a recollection rose up in her mind of Eustace Meeson's pleasant, handsome face, and of his kind words, and with it came a pang his kind words, and with it came a pang as she reflected that, in all probability.

she would never see the one nor hear the other again. Why, she wondered, had he not come to see her again? She should have liked to bid him. "good-by," and had half a mind to send him a note and tell him of her going. This, on second thought, however, she had decided not to do; for one thing, she did not know his address, and—well, there was an end

Could she by the means of clairvoyance have seen Eustace's face and heard his words, she would have regretted her de-cision. For even as that great vessel plunged on her ferce way right into the heart of the gathering darkness, he was standing at the door of the lodging house in the little street in Birmingham. in the little street in Birmingham

"Gone!" he was saying. "Miss Smithers gone to New Zealand! What is her ad

"She didn't leave no address, sir," replies the dirty maid of all work with a grin. "She went from here two days ago, and was going on to the ship in London" What was the name of the ship?" be

asks, in despair.

"Kan—Kon—Conger-cel," replies the girl in triumph, and shuts the door in his

Poor Eustace! he had gone to London to try and get some employment, and baving after some difficulty succeeded in obtaining a billet as reader in Latin, French and English to a publishing house of good repute at the salary of £180 a year, he had hurried back to Birmingham for the sole purpose of seeing Miss Augusta Smithers, with whom, if the whole truth must be told, he had, to his credit truth must be told, he had, to his credit
be it said, fallen deeply, truly and vio
lently in love. Indeed, so far was he in
this way gone that he had determined to
make all the progress that he could and,
if he thought that there was any prospect
of success, to declare his passion.

Pity a poor young man! To come from
London to Birmingham to woo one's gray
eyed mistress, in a third class carriage,
too, and find her gone to New Zealand,
whither circumstances prevented him

eyed mistress, in a third class carriage, too, and find her gone to New Zealand whither circumstances prevented him from following her, without leaving a word or a line, or even an address behind her! It was too bad Well, there was no remedy in the matter; so he walked to the railway station and grouned and the railway station and groaned an swore all the way back to London.

Augusta, on board the Kangaroo, was Augusta, on board the Kangaroo, was, however, in utter ignorance of this act of devotion on the part of her admirer; indeed, she did not even know that he was her admirer. Feeling a curious sinking pensation within her, she was about to go below to her cabin, which she shared with a lady's maid not knowing whether with a lady's maid, not knowing whether to attribute it to sentimental qualms in-cidental to her lonely departure from the land of her birth, or to other qualms con-nected with a first experience of life upon nected with a first experience of life u however, a burly quartermaster ad-dressed her in gruff tones and informed her that if she wanted to see the last of hold Halbion" she had better go aft a bit, and look over the port side and she would see the something or other light. Accordingly, more to prove to herself that she was not seasick than for any other reason, she did so; and, standing as far aft as the second class passengers were allowed to go, stared at the quick flashes of the light house as, second by second, they sent their message across

second, they sent their message across
the great waste of sea.

As she stood there, holding on to a
stanchion to steady herself, for the ves
sel, large as she was, had begun to get a
bit of a roll on, she was suddenly aware
of a bulky figure of a man, which came
running, or rather reeling, against the
bulwarks alongside of her, where it—or
rather he—was instantly and violently
sick. Augusta was, not unnaturally, alrather he—was instantly and violently sick. Augusta was, not unnaturally, almost horrified into following the figure's example, when, suddenly growing faint or from some other cause, it loosed its hold and rolled into the scuppers, where it lay feebly swearing. Augusta, obeying a tender impulse of humanity, hurried forward and stretched out the hand of success and presently between her help. succor, and presently, between her help and that of the bulwark nettings, the man struggled to his feet. As he did so his face came close to hers, and in the dim light she recognized the fat, coarse feat-ures, now blanched with misery, of Mr. Meeson, the publisher. There was no doubt about it; it was her enemy—the man whose behavior had indirectly, as she believed, caused the death of her little sister. She dropped his hand with an exclamation of disgust and dismay, and as she did so he recognized who she was.

"Halloo!" he said, with a faint and mather feeble stignt, to assume his fine. rather feeble attempt to assume his fine old crusted publishing company manners. "Halloo! Miss Jemima—Smithers, I mean;

what on earth are you doing here?"
"I am going to New Zealand, Mr. Mee-

son," she answered sharply, "and I cer-tainly did not expect to lave the pleasure of your company on the voyage."

"Going to New Zealand," he said, "are you? Why, so am I; at least, I am going there first, then to Australia. What do you mean to do there—try and run round our little agreement, ch? It won't be any good, I tell you plainly. We have our agents in New Zealand, and a house in Australia, and if you try to get the better of Meeson's there. Meeson's will be even with you, Miss Smithers—Oh, heavens! I feel as though! I were coming to pieces."
"Don't alarm yourself, Mr. Meeson," she answered, "I am not going to publish my more books at present."

"That is a pity," he said, "because your stuff is good selling stuff. Any pub-lisher would find money in it. I suppose you are second class, Miss Smithers, so your stuff is good selling stuff. Any publisher would find money in it. I suppose you are second class, Miss Smithers, so we shin't see much of each other; and, perhaps, if we should meet, it might be as well if we didn't seem to have any acquaintance. It don't look well for a man in my position to know second class passengers, especially young lady passengers who write novels."

Lady Holmhnrst looked a little astonished and a little astonished and a little astonished and sellit look of the little and sellit look of course that accounts for it. Why, I declare there is the dinner bell! Come along, Miss Smithers, or we shall lose that the captain has promised us." And accordingly, they want law.

"You need not be armid, Mr. Merson;

I have no wish to claim your acquemt-ance," said Augusta.

At this point her enemy was taken vio-At this point her every was taken vio-lently worse again, and, being unable to tand the sight and sound of his writh-ing and groaning, she fled forward; and, reflecting on this strange and awkward meeting, went down to her own borth, where, with lucid intervals, she remained helpless and half stupid for the next three days. On the fourth day, however, she reappeared on dock, quite recovered and with an excellent appetite. She had her breakfast, and then went and sat for-ward in as quiet a place as she could find.

ward in as quiet a place as she could find.
Suddenly she was astonished by the appearance of a splendid official bearing a book. At first, from the quantity of gold lace with which his uniform was adorned, Augusta took him to be the captain, but it presently transpired that he was only the chief steward.

"Please, miss," he said, touching his hat and holding out the book in his hand toward her, "the captain zends his compilments and wants to know if you are

pliments and wants to know if you are the young lady who wrote this."

Augusta glanced at the work. It was a copy of "Jemima's Vow." Then she roplied that she was the writer of it, and the steward vanished.

Later in the morning came another surprise. The gorgeous official again appeared, touched his cap, and said that the captain desired him to say that orders had been given to have her things moved to a cabin further aft. At first Augusta decabin further art. At Birst Augusta co-murred to this, not from any love of the lady's maid, but because she had a truly British objection to being ordered about. "Captain's orders, miss," said the man, touching his cap again, and she yielded.

touching his cap again, and she yielded.

Nor had she any cause to regret doing so; for, to her huge delight, she found herself moved into a charming deck cabin on the starboard side of the vessel, some little way abaft the engine room. It was evidently an officer's cabin, for there, over the head of the bed, was the picture of the young lady he adored, and also some neatly fitted shelves of books, a rack of telescopes, and other seamanlike contrivances. "Am I to have this cabin to myself?"

"Yes, miss; those are the captain's orders. It is Mr. Jones' cabin Mr. Jones is the second officer; but he has turned in with Mr. Thomas, the first officer, and given up the cabin to you."

"I am sure it is very kind of Mr lones," murmured Augusta, not knowing what to make of this turn of fortune But surprises were not to end there. A few minutes afterward, just as she was leaving the cabin, a gentieman in uniform came up, in whom she recognized the captain. He was accompanied by a pretty, fair haired woman, very becomingly dressed.
"Excuse me; Miss Smithers, I believe?"
he said, with a bow.

"Yes."
"I am Capt. Alton. I hope you like your new cabin. Let me introduce you to Lady Holmhurst, wife of Lord Holmhurst, the New Zealand governor, you know. Lady Holmhurst, this is Miss Smithers, whose book you were talking so much about."

"Oh! I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Smithers," said the great lady in a manner that evidently was not assumed. "Capt. Alton has promised that I shall sit next to you at promised that I shall sit next to you at dinner, and then we can have a good talk. I don't know when I have been so much delighted with anything as I was with your book. I have read it three times; what do you think of that for a busy

woman?"
"I think there is some mistake," said
Augusta, hurriedly and with a slight
blush. "I am a second class passenger
on board this ship, and therefore cannot have the pleasure of sitting next to Lady

"Oh, that is all right, Miss Smithers," said the captain, with a jolly laugh. "You are my guest, and I shall take no

putting other things aside, was, coming as it did from one woman to another, pe-culiarly graceful and surprising. She blushed and bowed, scarcely knowing what to say, when suddenly Mr. Meeson's harsh tones, pitched just now in a rewhat to say, when studenty Mr. Meeson's harsh tones, pitched just now in a respectful key, broke upon her ear. Mr. Meeson was addressing no less a person than Lord Holmhurst, G. C. M. G. Lord Holmhurst was a stout, short, dark little

and a kindly face.

"I was repeating, my lord," said the harsh voice of Mr. Meeson, "that the principle of hereditary peerage is the grandest principle our country has yet developed. It gives us something to look forward to. In one generation we make the money; in the next we take the title which the money buys. Look at your lordship. Your lordship is now in a proud position, but, as I have understood, your lordship's father was a trader like me."

"Hum!—well, not exactly, Mr. Meeson," broke in Lord Holmhurst. "Dear me, I wonder who that exceedingly nice looking girl Lady Holmhurst is talking to can be?"

ing girl Lady Holmhurst is talking to can be?"

"Now, your lordship, to put a case," went on the remorseless Meeson, who, like most people of his stamp, had an almost superstitious veneration for the aristocracy, "I have made a great deal of money, as I do not mind telling your lordship. What is there to prevent my successor—supposing I have a successor—from taking advantage of that money, and rising on it to a similar position to that so worthily occupied by your lordship?"

"Exactly, Mr. Meeson. A most excellent idea for your successor. Excuse me,
but I see Lady Holmhurst beckoning to
me." And he fled precipitately, still followed by Mr. Meeson.
"John, my dear." said Lady Holmhurst,
"I want to introduce you to Miss Smithers—the Miss Smithers whom we have all
been talking about and whose book you
have been reading. Miss Smithers my have been reading. Miss Smithers, my

Lord Holmhurst bowed most politely, and was proceeding to tell Augusts, in very charming language, how delighted he was to make her acquaintance, when Mr. Meeson arrived on the scene and per-ceived Augusta for the first time. Quite taken aback at finding her, apparently, upon the best of terms with people of such quality, he hesitated to consider what course to adopt, whereon Lady Holmquanty, he hesitated to consider what course to adopt, whereon Lady Holm-hurst, in a somewhat formal way, for she was not very fond of Mr. Meeson, mis-taking his hesitation, went on to intro-duce him. Thereupon, all in a moment, us we do sometime Augusta came to a determination. would have nothing more to do with Mr. Meeson—she would repudiate him then and there, come what would of it.

So, as he advanced upon her with out-stretched hand, she drew herself up, and in a cold and determined voice said: "I already know Mr. Meeson, Lady Holm-hurst, and I do not wish to have anything nore to do with him. Mr. Meeson has not behaved well to me.

"'Pon my word," murmured Lord Holm-hurst to himself, "I don't wonder she has had enough of him. Sensible young woman, that!"

Lady Holmhurst looked a little aston-

ing Mr. Meeson, who had not yet fully realized the unprecedented nature of the position, positively gasping on the deck. And on board the hangaroo there were no clerks and editors on whom he could

wreak the wrath! wreak the wrath!

"And now, my dear Miss Smithers,"
said Lady Holmhurst when, dinner being
over, they were sitting together in the
moonlight, near the wheel, "perhaps you will tell me why you don't like Mr. Mee-son, whom, by the way, I personally de-test. But don't, if you don't wish to, you

But Augusta did wish to, and then and there she unfolded her whole sad story into her new found friend's sympathetic ear, and glad enough the poor girl was to find a confident to whom she could un-

"Well. upon my word!" said Lady Holmhurst, when she had listened with tears in her eyes to the history of poor little Jeannie's death. "upon my word, of all the brutes I ever heard of, I think that this publisher of yours is the worst! I will cut him, and get my husband to cut him, too But no, I have a better plan than that He shall tear up that agreement, so sure as my name is Bessie Holmburst; he shall tear it up, or—or—and she sodded her little head with an air of infinite wisdom.

MR. TOMBEY GOES FORWARD. From that day forward the voyage on the Kangaroo was, until the last dread catastrophe, a very happy one for Au-gusta Lord and Lady Holmhurst made much of her, and all the rest of the first class passengers followed suit, and soon she found herself the most popular char-acter on board. As the story of Mr. Mee-son's conduct to her got about, the little society of the ship—which was, after all, a very fair example of all society in miniature—fell away from this publishminiature—fell away from this publishing prince, and not even the jingling of
his money bags could lure it back. He,
the great, the practically omnipotent,
the owner of two millions, and the hard
master of hundreds upon whose toil he
battened, was practically cut. Even the
clerk, who was going out on a chance of
getting a place in a New Zealand bank,
would have nothing to say to him. And getting a place in a New Zealand bank, would have nothing to say to him. And, what is more, he felt it more even than an ordinary individual would have done. He, the "printer devil," as poor little Jeannie used to call him, he to be slighted and flouted by a pack of people whom he could buy up three times over, and all on account of a wretched authoress—an authoress, if you please! It made Mr. Meeson very wild—a state of affairs which was brought to a climax when, one morning. Lord Holmhurst, who had for several days been showing a growing dislike to his rociety, actually almost cut him dead; that is, he did not notice his outstretched hand, and passed him with a slight bow.

"Never mind, my lord—never mind!"
muttered Mr. Meeson after that somewhat pompous but amiable nobleman's retreating form. "We'll see if I can't come treating form. "We'll see if I can't come square with you. I'm a dog who can pull a string or two in the English press, I am! Those who have the money and have got a hold of the people, so that they must write what they tell them, ain't people to be cut by any colonial governor, my lord!" and in his anger he fairly shook his fist at the unconscious peer.

"Seem to be a little out of temper, Mr. Meeson," said a voice at his elbow, the owner of which was a big young man with hard but kindly features and a large mustache. "What has the governor been doing to you?"

mustache. "What has the governor been doing to you?"

"Doing, Mr. Tombey? He's been cutting me, that's all, me—Meeson!—cutting me as dead as offal, or something like it. I held out my hand and he looked right over it, and marched by."

"Ah!" said Mr. Tombey, who was a wealthy New Zealand land owner; "and now, why do you suppose he did that?"

"Why! Fil tell you why. It's all about that girl."

"Miss Smithers, do you mean?" said

"Miss Smithers, do you mean?" said Tombey, the big, with a curious flash of

book, and I bought the book for £50, and stuck a clause in that she should give me the right to publish anything she wrote of thing enough in one way and another, when you are dealing with some idiot who don't know any better. Well, as it happened, this book sold like wildfire, and, in time, the young lady comes to me and wants more money, wants to get out of the hanging clause in the agreement, wants everything, like a female Oliver Twist; and when I way 'No you don't.' Twist; and when I say. No, you don't,' loses her temper and makes a scene. And it turns out that what she wanted the money for was to take a sick sister, or rousin, or aunt, or some one, out of Eng-land; and when she could not do it, and the relation died, then she emigrate goes and tells the people on board ship that it is all my fault."

"And I suppose that that is a conclu-sice that you do not feel drawn to, Mr.

"No, Tombey, I don't. Business is business, and if I happen to have got to windward of the young woman, why, so much the better for me. She's getting her experience, that's all; and she sin't the first and won't be the last. But if she goes saying much more about me I go for her for slander, that's sure."

"On the legal ground that the greater the truth the greater the libel, I pre-

"Confound her!" went on Meeson, without noticing his remark, and contracting his heavy eyebrows, "there's no end to the trouble she has brought on me. I quar-reled with my nephew about her, and now she's dragging my name through the dirt here, and I'll bet the story will go all over New Zealand and Australia." "Yes," said Mr. Tombey, "I fancy you will find it will take a lot of choking; and now, Mr. Meeson, with your permission I will say a word and try and throw a new

lwill say a word and try and throw a new light upon a very perplexing matter. It never seems to have occurred to you what an out and out blackguard you are, so I may as well put it to you plainly. If you are not a thief, you are, at least, a very well colored imitation. You take a girl's book and make hundreds upon hundreds out of it and give her fifty. You tie her down so as to provide for successful swindling of the same sort during future years, and then, when she comes to beg a few pounds of you, you show her the door. And now you wonder, Mr. Meeson, that respectable people will have nothing to do with you! Well, now, I tell you, my opinion is that the only society to which you would be really suited is that of a cowhide. Good morning," and the large young man walked off, his very mustaches curling with wrath and conmustaches curling with wrath and con-tempt. Thus, for a second time, did the great Mr. Messon hear the truth from the lips of babes and sucklings, and the worst of it was that he could not disinherit Number Two as he had Number One. Now this will strike the reader as being

very warm advocacy on the part of Mr. Tombey, who, being called in to console and bless, cursed with such extraordinary vigor. It may even strike the discerning reader—and all readers, or at least nearly all readers, are of course discerning; far too much so, indeed—that there must have been a reason for it, and the discerning reader will be right. Augusta's gray eyes had been too much for Mr. Tombey. as they had been too much for Eustace Meeson before him. His passion had

sprung up and ripened in that peculiarly rapid and vigorous fashion that passions do on board ship. A passenger steamer is Cupid's own hot bed, and in this way differs from a sailing ship. On the sailing ship, indeed, the preliminary stages are the same. The seed roo more strongly, and grows and flowers with equal vigor; but here comes the melanaker was a superscript of the same stronger than the second stronger than the same str here comes the melancholy part—it with-ers and decays with equal rapidity. The voyage is too long. Too much is mutually

the weary ninety days are over it is once more cold and black, or at the best glows with but a feeble heat. But on the steam-ship there is no time for this, as any traveler knows. Myself—I, the historian -have, with my own eyes, seen a couple meet for the first time at Madeira, get married at the Cape, and go on as man and wife in the same vessel to Natal. And, therefore, it came to pass that that very evening a touching, and, on the whole, melancholy, little scene was en-acted near the smoke stack of the Kan-

garoo.
Mr. Tombey and Miss Augusta Smithers Mr. Tombey and Miss Augusta Smithers were leaning together over the bulwarks and watching the phosphorescent foam go flashing past. Mr. Tombey was nervous and ill at ease: Miss Smithers very much at ease, and reflecting that her companion's mustaches would very well become a villain in a novel.

Mr. Tombey looked at the star spangled sky, on which the Southern Cross hung low, and he looked at the phosphorescent sea; but from neither did inspiration come. Inspiration is from within, and not from without. At last, however, he made a gallant and desperate effort.

made a gallant and desperate effort.

"Miss Smithers," he said, in a voice trembling with agitation.

"Yes, Mr. Tombey," answered Augusta, quietly; "what is it?"

"Miss Smithers," he went on—"Miss Augusta, I don't know what you will think of me, but I must tell you, I can't keep it in any longer. I love you!" think of me, but I must tell you, I can't keep it in any longer. I love you!"

Augusta fairly jumped. Mr. Tombey had been very, even markedly, polite, and she, not being a fool, had seen that he admired her; but she had never expected this, and the suddenness with which the shot was fired was somewhat bewildering.

shot was fired was somewhat bewildering.

"Why, Mr. Tombey." she said, in a surprised voice, "you have only known me for a little more than a fortnight."

"I fell in love with you when I had only known you for an hour," he answered with evident sincerity. "Please listen to me. I know I am not worthy of you, but I do love you so very dearly, and I would make you a good husband; indeed I would. I am well off, though, of course, that is nothing; and if you don't like New Zealand I would give it up and go to live in England. Do you think that you can take me? If you only knew how dearly I love you I am sure you would."

Augusta collected her wits as well as

Augusta collected her wits as well as she could. The man evidently did love her; there was no doubting the sincerity of his words, and she liked him, and he was a gentleman. If she married him there would be an end of all her worries there would be an end of all her worries and troubles, and she could rest contentedly on his strong arm. Woman, even gifted woman, is not made to fight the world with her own hand, and the prospect had allurements. But while she thought Eustace Meeson's bonny face rose before her eyes, and as it did so a faint feeling of repulsion to the man who was pleading with her took form and color in her breast. Eustace Meeson, of course, was nothing to her; no word or sign of affection had passed between them, and the probability was that she would never set her eyes upon him again. And yet that face rose up between her and this man who was pleading at her side. Many that face rose up between her and this man who was pleading at her side. Many women, likely enough, have seen some such vision from the past and have isre-garded it, only to find too late that that which is thrust aside is not necessarily hidden; for alas! those faces of our de-parted youth have an uncanny trick of rising from the tomb of our forgetfulness. But America was not of the great order of But Augusta was not of the great order of opportunists. Because a thing might be convenient, it did not according to the dictates of her moral sense follow that it, was lawful. Therefore she was a woman to be respected. For a woman who, except under most exceptional circumstances, gives her instincts the lie in order to pander to her convenience or her desire for wealth and social ease, is not alto

gether a woman to be respected.

In a very few seconds she had made up

and, I am sorry to say, you don't know how much it pains me to say it. I cannot hold out any prospect that I shall change

He dropped his head upon his hands for a minute, and then lifted it again.

"Very well," he said, slowly; "it can't be helped. I never loved any woman before, and I never shall again. It is a pity"—with a hard, little laugh—"that so much first class affection should be wasted. But, there you are; it is all part and parcel of the pleasant experiences which make up our lives. Good-by, Miss Smithers; at least good-by as a friend!"

"We can still be friends," she faltered.

"Oh, no," he answered, with another laugh; "that is an expanded notion. Friendship of that nature is not very safe under any circumstances. Certainly not under these. The relationship is antagonistic to the facts of life, and they, or one or other of them, will drift either into indifference and dislike, or—something warmer. You are a novelist, Miss Smithers; perhaps some day you will write a book to explain why people fall in love where their affection is not wanted, and wint purpose their distress can possibly wint purpose their distress can possibly serve. And now, once more, good-by!" and he lifted her hand to his lips and

and he lifted her hand to his lips and gently kissed it, and then with a bow he turned and went.

From all of which it will be clearly seen that Mr. Tombey was decidedly a young man above the average, and one who took punishment very well. Augusta looked after him, sighed deeply, and even wiped away a tear. The she turned and walked aft, to where Lady Holmhurst was sitting enjoying the balmy southern air, through which the great ship was rushing with outspread salls like some huge white bird, and chatting to the captain. As she came up, the captain made his bow and departed, saying that he had something to see to, and for a minute Ledy Holmhurst and Augusta were left alone.

"Well, Augusta?" said Lady Holmhurst, for she called her "Augusta" now. "Well, Lady Holmhurst!" said Augusta.
"And what have you done with that
young man, Mr. Tombey—that very nice
young man?" she added, with emphasis.
"I think that Mr. Tombey went for-

The two women looked at each other, and, woman like, each understood what the other meant. Lady Holmhurst had not been altogether innocent in the Tom-bey affair.

bey affair.

"Lady Holmhurst," said Augusta,
taking the bull by the horns, "Mr. Tombey
has been speaking to me and has"—

"Proposed to you," suggested Lady
Holmhurst, admiring the Southern Cross
"You said he

Holmhurst, admiring the Southern Cross through her eyeglasses. "You said he went forward, you know."

"Has proposed to me," answered Augusta, ignoring the little joke. "I regret," she went on hurriedly, "that I have not been able to fall in with Mr. Tombey's plans."

"Ah!" said Lady Holmhurst, "I am corre for some things. Mr. Tombey is "Ah!" said lady Holmhurst, "I am sorry for some things. Mr. Tombey is such a very nice young man and so very gentleman like. I thought that perhaps it might suit your views, and it would have simplified your arrangements. But as to that, of course, while you are in New Zealand, I shall be able to see to that. By the way, it is understood that you come to stay with us for a few months at Government house before you kunt up your

ernment house before you hunt up your "You are very good to me, Lady Holm-hurst," said Augusta, with something

Bessie? It sounds so much more sociable, you know, and, besides, it is shorter and does not waste so much breath."

Then Augusta sobbed outright, for her nerves were shaken. "You don't know what your kindness means to me," she said. "I have never had a friend, and since my darling died I have been se very

[70 BE CONTINUED.]

OUR NEW YORK LETTER. g About Jewish Hester and Its Neighborhood.

[Special Correspon New York, Sept. 3.—There are queer lo-calities in New York city which many of the oldest residents have never seen, but the visitor from the country is apt to find them. He wants to see the "flash" resorts, the dark quarters, the crowded alleys where queer people from far away countries live—the Poles and the Italians, the Slavic Jews and the Hungarians, the Chinese, the Russians and the Bohemians. And he can find colo-nies of all these and many more nationali-ties—little cities in the heart of the big city, but completely isolated socially, where the pure English language is unheard and where a ruddy and farmer like visitor is as much of curiosity as a Turk or a Lascar would be

The city is more moral, superficially a least, than it was. There is no longer a "Cre-morne" or a "Harry Hill;" concert saloom and dancing halls are things of the past, and the cellar lodging house is very rare. But the localization of certain races is more thorough than ever, and one such district as Hester street is unique. Let the visitor go out Park row eastward to Canal street, out out Park row eastward to Canal street, our Canal to Forsyth, and along Forsyth north-ward to Hester, and he is suddenly introduced to the center of the "Jews quarter"—as com-pletely such as any "Ghetto" in an Italian city of the last century. There is no law to compel these Oriental Hebrews to live to-gether, as there was in Italy, Servia, Turkey, etc., whence they came, but the habit has be come a second nature, and by choice they crowd as closely as they can live and breathe. Scatter them over a rural township not more than 500 to the square mile and they would

Forsyth and Hester streets will note a con-tinuous decline in the local "tone." Perhaps he restaurants give the best index of it. On Park row he will see no bill of fare outside for the first three blocks; it is assumed that placarded by the door: "Broiled chicken, 30 cents; beefsteak, 20; coffee, with milk, 10." A little further is one of the "Jim Fisk" restaurants, with "Beefsteak 15 cents"—all other articles 5 and 10 cents. On the next block the signs tell us of "Lodgings 15 cents," "Beefsteak 8 cents," and thereafter twenty lishes for 5 cents each, with "corned beef very few places offer lodging for 10 cents and three dishes for the same sum. The hash at such places is indeed a mystery—

Once on Hest r street and the restauran proper disappears, but on the street stalls are great piles of black bread, odd looking susages—"three for ten cents"—ancient oranges, bally specked apples, boiled eggs, not to be questioned as to age, tomatoes that have served their term in more pretentious places and occasionally peaches, suspiciously spotted and like the planet Mars in that they are "supposed to be inhabited." But the sausages are not of pork, there is nothing or any list that means "ham and eggs," the beef has been "drained," the animal has been slaughtered according to rabbinical rules and all the signs are repeated in Hebrew,

Here we are in a new world. For twenty five blocks it is solid "Jewry." Not the in-telligent and progressive Israelites from France or Germany, but from every corner of far eastern Europe and the adjacent sec-tions of Asia. In all the district one will her mind.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Tombey," she said; "you have done me a great honor, the greatest honor a man can do to a woman; but I cannot marry you."

"Are you sure!" gasped the unforturate Tombey, for his hopes had been high. "Is there no hope for me! Perhaps there is somebody else!"

"There is nobody else, Mr, Tombey; and, I am sorry to say, you don't know and business are briefly repeated in the manner and progressive Israelites from promote the manner and progressive Israelites from promote and progressive ne and business are briefly re English, but always the nature of the go sold is so forth in Hebrew.

a And all these swarming, crowding, swarthy thousands are educated, in a way. Book stalls about I, covered with Hebrew books of stall kinds, and copies of The Jewish Volks Zeitung and other Hebrew journals. The ordinary resident there may understand none of the Eastern tongues but his own; but all understand Hebrew, and that is their common vehicle of conversation—and very quee Hebrew it is. The language of Palest the time of David and Solomon, mode the time of David and Solomon, modernized to suit the society and traffic of New York, to suit the society and traine of New York, and with words for all the things invented in 3,0.0 years, made up haphazard from modern tongues and then Hebraized. Such is the so called vernacular Hebrew of Hester street. Yet they have some pretty ballads in this tongue, and at their theatre, "The Oriental," some very interesting plays are given. Simsome very interesting plays are given. Sin ilarly many of the Roumaniaus and some the Hungarians speak "Latin," as they call it; but no college professor could tell it from Pottawattomie. It is at least seven times as far removed from Cicero's Latin as the Parisian French.

Hester street should certainly have one Parisian French.

word in common for durt, for they have thing in common. It is no exaggeration to say that in dirt they live, in dirt they move say that in dirt they live, in dirt they move and in dirt they have their being. Dirty babies, clad in a single garment, crawl over the pavements, dirty children play in the dirty street and dirty men walk into houses with very dirty shoes. All the people are smoky looking, all the houses grimy, all the ceilars "gummy" and nearly all the people look as if they had not changed their clothes for mouths. Even the best dressed among them look smoty and "sauffy." To an American it is a mystery that people can be contented in such dirt. Yet they are Cleanliness is no necessity to them as to Cleanliness is no necessity to them as to Americans and to the people of western Europe. In all the thousands that crowd Hester street of a mild evening, you will not see twenty in clean clothing. They do not feel the need of it. This is all the more noticeable because the

Israelites generally are a next people in their persons and clothing and scrupulously clear as to their food. It it not because these peoto dirt; it is because they are of the oppress classes of eastern Europe—that is, they a like the poorest peasantry of Turkey, Servia, Russia and Poland. A generation of readom and American opportunity will do wonders for them. The attrition of a free country will bring out the good elements in the Hebrew character. J. H. BEADLE.

Too much hair in summer is uncomfortable; but, according to Sanitary Era, so is too little; and our young men with close clipped skulls make a great mistake in disfiguring themselves to the guise of monkeys to keep their bends cool. The moisture that flows out from the skin through the bair flows out from the skin through the sair, drawn actively outward by the active evapo-ration due to its extreme diffusion, carrier off heat from the head much faster than the air can take it from a baid pate, or from the equivalent of a bald pate that we so often see through the short hair, beaded with perspiration. The bald head is mopped con tinually, where the head properly endued with hair is (if not confined) by far the most

An expert has succeeded in photographing the beating of the heart. Neat present for an absent admirer to send his betrothed—a picture of his palpitation on mading her letter.—New York Tribune.

great may, mying ner attie mand upon Augusta's beautiful hair, "that you were to drop the 'Lady Holmhurst' and call me 'Bessies' it sounds so much more soci-

DEBILITATED MEN AND WOMEN.

Dr. ALBERT

ALBERT MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

Springfield, St. James Hotel, Thursday, Sept. 13 FROM 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

Special Attention to Nervous, Chronic Skin and Blood Diseases.

The large force of physicians which the doctor employs at his Medical Institute enables him to get away occasionally and give those who cannot well visit Cleveland an opportunity to consult him. The visits are necessarily brief, and by no means so frequent as might be wished. But in those he has made he has been able, by reason of his vast experience and wonderful intuitive powers, to do a great amount of good.

The Doctor Makes this Business Proposition

To all who are suffering from the obscure or complicated diseases, who, from reasons of delicacy, do not wish to consult home physicians, or who have been kept off and on, lying in misery, by some practitioner who has not had the honesty to say, "I cannot

cure you."

If you will visit him, he will charge you nothing for an examination, and he tell you whether or not he can cure you, and if he can he will make a contract to this is business. It is different from the ordinary, non-committal, wise-and-method, but it is successful, and, with the doctor's great power of intuition, it has up the Albert Medical Institute.

ONE WORD ABOUT THIS POWER.

the patron is able to pay well for good service. On the next block he will see long lists

It is the same as that within a man, which makes him a POET, ACTOR OR a JOURNALIST, because

He was Born to do that Very Thing,

And nothing else. His intuitive perception enables Dr. Albert to diagnose correctly— the most important point in practice—and then to apply the vast knowledge which he has obtained by study and by the greatest range of experience enjoyed by any physician

in this country.

Call on the Doctor. You will like him. You will like his pleasant but business-like way, and above all, if you suffer from any obscure or complicated disease, you will like

And You probably can be

Eight Good Reasons Why Everyone Who is Suffering With a Chronic Disease Should Consult Dr. Albert.

He is a physician whose merit is acknowledged at home.

He has proved his skill by success.

He has a wonderful power of diagnosis.

His experience in obscure and difficult cases has been wider than that of any oth

He is honest, and will tell you whether or not he can cure you. He has a wonderful power of inspiring hope and confidence in those whose cases dertakes. He is business-like and prompt.

He has had many years experience in private and Hospital practice.

ALBERT will examine your case, and will then frankly tell you whether or a curable. If it is, he will give you the benefit of his skill and knowledge; if it is will frankly tell you so. Do not imagine that because your former physicians have the company of the period of the period

A City Built Upon a Hill Cannot be Hid.

Dr. ALBERT'S name is known wherever he has exercised his marve ous skill, and that in every village and hamlet in this great State, to say nothing of it thousands in other States who have profited by his treatment. The young than him for lost manhood renewed; the middle-agreet because he has restored the

Dr. ALBERT has completely restored thousands who had

at first considered themselves incurable because their paysicians could not do anything for them, but new they are loud in their praise of Dr. ALBERT, who rescued them from A LIFE OF MISERY AND A HELL ON EARTH. Bear in mind the day and date of Dr. ALBERT'S visit to

St. JAMES HOTEL

Thursday, Sept. 13

UNTIL 4 P. M. ONLY.

CINCINNATI

GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY. DINGS. FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS. EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

THE JOHN SHILLITO CO. TO ADVERTISERS GINGINNATI, OHIO 10 C.

ECENTENNIAL PAPER